

Time Off by TheCharleeMonstah

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Summary:

Anon Requested: Hopper, found asleep in his car by his girl with his face pressed against the window because he's either sick/ very stressed and sleepy so the reader MAKES him take a week off. This includes him wearing his jeans and flannel with big jumpers instead of his uniform, him making his favourite pie that he never gets to make cus he's usually so busy, and lots of times where the reader finds him napping on the couch, lil snoozes.

Time Off

It was the first snowfall of the winter that peaceful morning. You had decided to take a walk and enjoy it, needing to run some errands in town anyways which wasn't too far from your house. On your way into town, you noticed Hopper's Blazer parked at the side of the road.

Odd... you walked over to it, noticing it was still running. When you got up to the window, you saw Hopper was still inside, but passed out, face pressed to the window. The tiniest bit of drool trickling from the corner of his mouth.

You sighed, shaking your head as you walked around to the passenger seat, opening the door and climbing inside. Miraculously, that didn't even wake him up. Okay, something was definitely wrong here...

"Jim," you said, softly. Nudging his arm a little and taking his hat off to feel his forehead. He stirred slightly, but still not waking up. "Hopper, honey... wake up."

With a few more rough nudges, he finally jolted awake. "Y/N? What?" He was confused, looking around to figure out where he was. "What... the hell are you doing here?"

"I could ask you the same," you laughed, "Hop, what's going on, why are you sleeping at the side of the road like this?"

"I..." he sighed, hesitating to answer. "Just tired, I guess."

You knew that the stress was getting to him. It had been months since he took a day off.

"I'm fine."

"No, you're not. Call Flo, you're coming home. You have been so stressed lately, you're going to make yourself sick."

"Y/N..."

"Do not, James Hopper! Scoot over, I'm driving you home!"

You drove him back to the cabin where you started a fire for him and made him nestle into the couch. "You need to relax, Hopper." He didn't fight you this time, laying his head back on the pillow and sinking into the couch. It was almost concerning how he didn't even come back with something witty. You went to start the kettle, hoping some tea would help his nerves, but when you turned to ask him what kind he would like, you found him fast asleep already.

Hopper hadn't always taken his job this seriously. He didn't really take life very seriously either, after losing his little girl, who would. But after everything happened, after let himself open up a little to you, to Joyce, the kids, Jane... he changed. For the better. He had a purpose again. Even if nothing really happened very often in Hawkins, he was now fully committed to his job, and rarely took a break.

You called the station for him while he was napping. You explained what was going on to Flo. He wasn't healthy, not while he was this stressed out. Thankfully, Powell and Callahan said they would take care of things, promising only to call if there was a big emergency.

You snuck out around 2:45pm to pick up Jane from school. Leaving Hop asleep still on the couch. When you came back with the kid, he was right where you left him. At this point you figured nothing would wake him up, so you got to fussing around in the kitchen to start dinner.

"What are you making?" Jane asked, walking up next to you at the counter.

"Soup," you said, chopping up some carrots, "Nothing crazy. I just thought soup would be a cozy option for us all, especially since your dad isn't feeling his best."

Jane looked over to Hopper, still on the couch. "Is he sick?"

"Not exactly, sweetie. You know how he has been really busy lately?" Jane nodded. "Well, it's really been stressing him out so I made him take a week off of work to just relax and spend time with you and me."

"Good." Jane said, smiling. You gave her a smile back before showing her how she could help you make the rest of the soup. She loved to help with meals, much more than she did with cleaning.

You were both so busy that you hadn't noticed Hopper get up and change into a pair of his jeans and a warm, plaid flannel. "What's all this, ladies?" he yawned, walking up behind you.

"He lives!" you laughed, turning around to face him.

"Soup." Jane said, handing Hopper a spoon. "Try it."

Hop took the spoon, but only after giving his girl a hug. He stepped over to the pot of steaming soup and took a spoonful, making sure it was cool before bringing it to his lips. "Mmm, wow... You made this?" He asked Jane.

"Y/N showed me how."

"It's perfect." He put the spoon down on the counter and pulled you and Jane both in for a hug. "What did I ever do to deserve you two?"

The next few days were some of the most peaceful that you think you have ever had. Hopper would get up much earlier than you would and make you and Jane breakfast everyday. Both of you would see her off to school, and then return home to relax, clean a little here and there, but mostly just to be together.

You didn't think you could fall any harder for Jim Hopper but with each day your heart melted more. The sight of him asleep on that couch taking cat naps in the middle of the day, the smile he wore so

well when you make him laugh, the spur of the moment love making around the cabin just because, and the little household tasks you watched him ponder so deeply now that he had the time. It was a different side of him. The domestic side of him, and it seemed to be growing stronger and stronger now with the adoption and having you by his side.

You found out that he actually really enjoyed cooking, not just breakfast for Jane, but baking too. He had pulled out a box of family recipes on the weekend and spent the day teaching Jane how to make his favorite pie. "I can't even remember the last time I even tasted one of these pies," he reminisced, with the biggest smile you had seen him muster in a long while.

At night, after Jane was asleep, he would sit with you in front of the fire, your head rested on his shoulder. "Thank you," he said, softly one night.

"For?" You asked, looking up at him.

"Making me stay home this past week. I had no idea how stressed I really was... and exhausted." He paused, kissing the top of your head, "And I missed spending time with my girls." You smiled, kissing him softly on the lips.

"We Missed you too."